

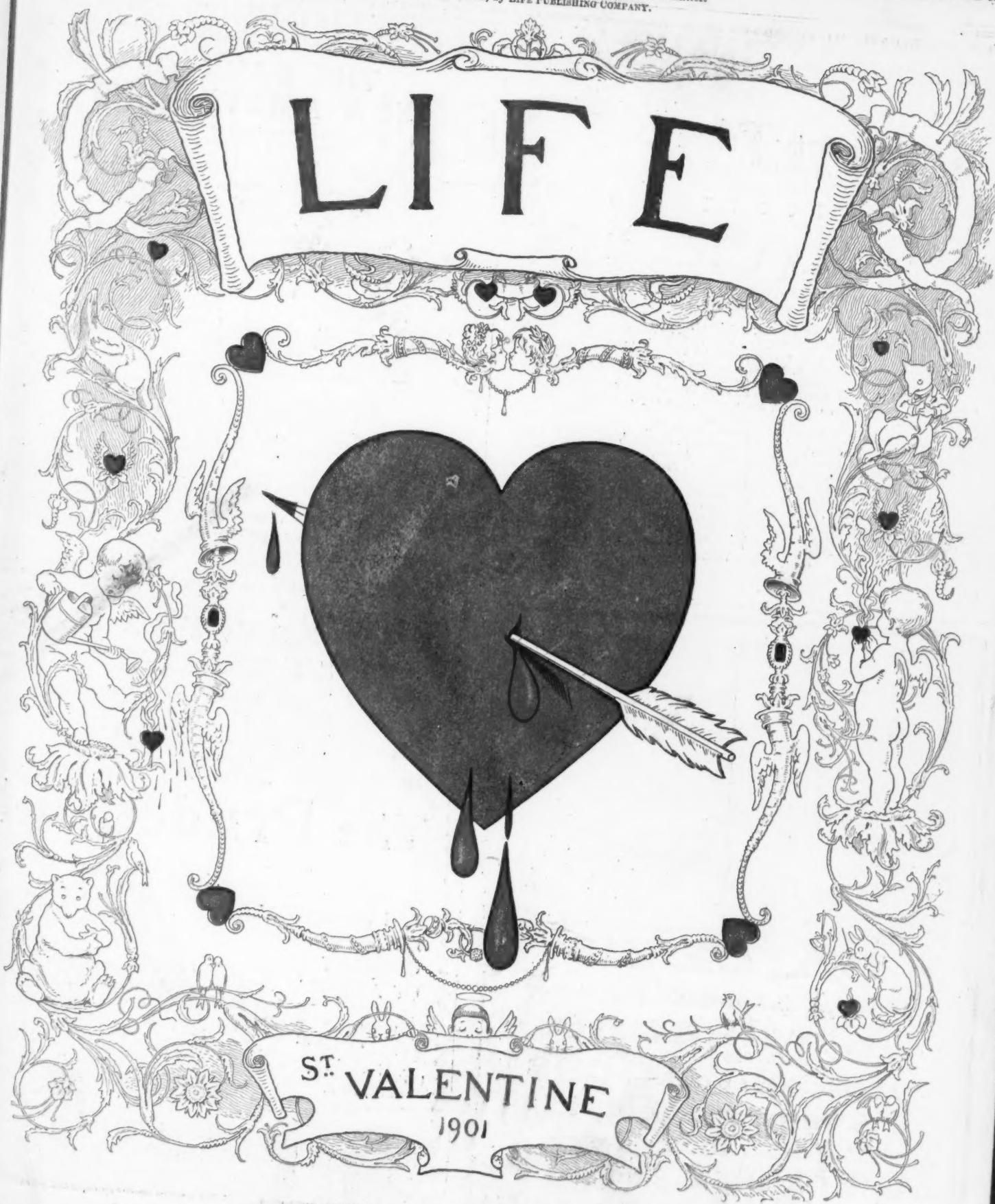
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LIFE



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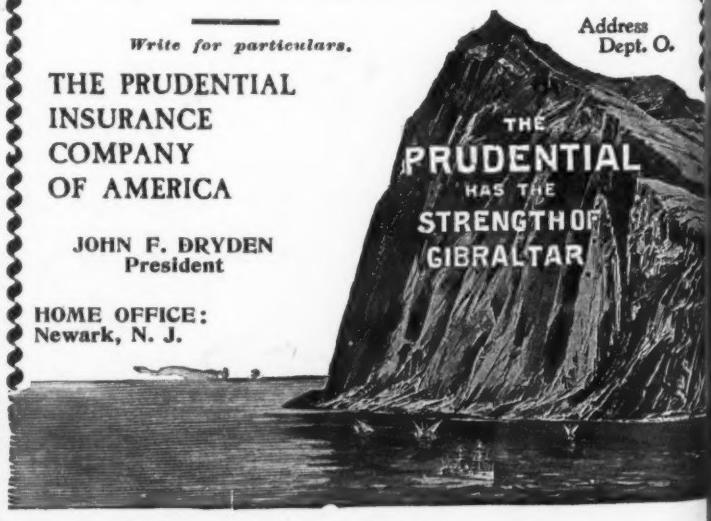
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LIFE



A VALENTINE FROM PARIS.

Society.

AT the opera last night Mrs. Chatter-Loud entertained in her box Mr. and Mrs. Kaklyn Henne, Miss Blabie Old-point and B. Trowsers Van Guzzle. The conversation was animated and enlivened that

part of the house during the singing.

In Box 991 Mrs. Faughteigh Milyan had as her guests Mr. and Mrs. Dressa Kyll and Mrs. Graiton Kloze. Mrs. Faughteigh Milyan could hardly sit erect under the weight of jewels in her tiara. But they all talked—the people as well as the jewels—and all appeared to enjoy themselves in spite of the music. It will be remembered that Mrs. Graiton Kloze was a Baltimore girl, and that her first husband was the Marquis of Baccarat, who



fell to pieces as he was coming out of his club.

In Box 995 the O. Howe Vulgs had a very jolly party. The New But-solids were there, and Charley Fourin-hand kept them laughing all the time. Mrs. Vulg had cables of diamonds around her head, neck, arms and waist. Our reporter could not see her ankles.

Happiness—A Recipe.

TO make it: Take a hall, dim lit;
A pair of stairs where two may sit;
Of music soft, a bar or so;
Two spoons of—just two spoons, you
know;
Of little love pats, one or two,
Or one squeezed hand instead will do;
A waist—the size to be embraced;
And two ripe lips, rose red—to taste;
And if the lips are soft and sweet,
You'll find your happiness complete.

A Pious Wish.

"I ALWAYS like to see a rich man die suddenly."
"Oh, William!"
"It prevents his disinheriting his family in favor of some foolish charity."



"DARLING, YOU ARE THE ONLY DOG I EVER LOVED! (Aside) I HOPE THE BOSS DOESN'T WHISTLE FOR ME NOW."

"MOTHER, how many De Reszkes are there?"

"Two, my son: Jean and Edouard."

"Oh! I thought there were three: Jean and Edouard and their father, Paderewski."

• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."

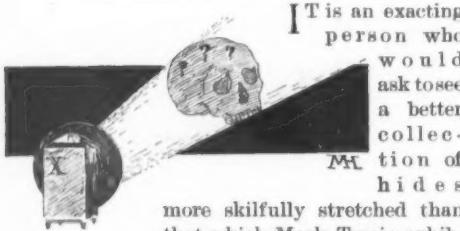
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IT is an exacting person who would ask to see a better collection of

hides more skilfully stretched than that which Mark Twain exhibits in the current number of the *North American Review*. It will not be news to anyone to be told that in his heart our Brother Mark loves justice, mercy and truth. He has disclosed his solicitude for those ideals at convenient times these many years. In his discourse, "To the Person Sitting in Darkness," in the *North American*, it breaks out very strong indeed. He talks about the disposition of contemporary Christendom to spread abroad the blessings of civilization, dwelling upon the gory record of the representatives of the Christian nations in China, the disappointing course of American enterprise in the Philippines, and the exploits of Great Britain in the Transvaal.

The Reverend Mr. Ament, of the American Board of Foreign Missions, missionary in China, incurs our brother's attention because of his report that he has collected from Chinese villagers in his district indemnities to the amount of thirteen times the value of the property of Christians destroyed by the Boxers. The money is to be used for the propagation of the gospel. Mr. Ament's expressed opinion that "the soft hand of the Americans is not as good as the mailed fist of the Ger-

mans," also attracts Mark's notice. Mr. Ament's hide looks very nice where our brother has hung it. There has not been a missionary so well flogged since Louis Stevenson removed the skin of the man who disparaged Father Damien. Mark, like Stevenson, honors, as much as anyone does, a missionary who has the true spirit. There were a good many such in China.

Other hides, too, our brother has taken off. The Emperor William's, whose excessive exactions on account of two missionaries killed in a riot at Shantung produced the Boxer revolt; Mr. Chamberlain's for obvious South African reasons; and in connection with the Philippines another that one is reluctant to recognize.



MARK TWAIN is a kind man. It must have come hard to him to do so much skinning. No doubt, like the rest of us, he would rather praise the Lord for his great mercies than make all these grievous complaints. Of course he does not write both sides at once, but there seems a lamentable dearth of truth in his presentment of what he does present. The game of carrying the gospel and civilization to them that sit in darkness seems full of horrors and sin as we see it played by modern nations to-day. It has terrible elements of greed and murder in it. Of all nations that have taken action in China, our hands, praise Heaven, are the cleanest. They are reasonably clean in Cuba so far. Without doubt it is a burden on the souls of thousands of Americans that they seem not to be equally clean in the Philippines. There our record is dubious. There, thousands of us believe, we abandoned the American policy, and took a leaf out of the book of Europe. There our flag, which had always stood for freedom, seems to stand, for the first time, for oppression. Mark Twain puts it strong. There are excuses to be made that he does not make, but he certainly expresses the feelings of many thousands of his fellow-countrymen. They are feelings which, though smothered six days in the week, break out with new force on

the seventh. They will not down. They will not die out. They have been gagged, handicapped, restrained, ridiculed. They gain in strength all the time and in the end they must win.



IT is a big question, this one of how far might makes right, and how far the blessings of civilization shall be forced on reluctant weaklings. Excellent people think differently about it. The strong have always ruled and always will, while their strength lasts, but let them look to their strength. Is it healthy for Europe to propagate the germs of civilization in blood as she is so prone to do? Is it healthy for us? Americans who are really worried about the Philippine war are not nearly so much distressed about its effect on the Filipinos who are being killed as on the Americans who are doing the killing. So as to the British war in South Africa. There are not many Boers. One could endure to see them wiped out if so it was written. But what of the moral sense of England? Will it be lost in the crush? Our anxiety in all these matters is not any more for the weak who are crushed than for the strong who do the crushing. But why all this squeamishness? Haven't the robber-baron methods always prevailed on earth, and much more virulently in times past than now? To be sure. The chief difference is, not that worse things are done now, but that more people know that the bad things that are done are bad. That is a hopeful sign as far as it goes. The trouble is that, though we know what is bad, we care so little and forget so soon. So long as our bellies are full and business is profitable, we are too ready to leave the rasher to his prey and the looter to his spoil. That is what we do here in New York, there in Philadelphia, yonder in Chicago. Good for our prophets that they howl and rend the buttons off their waist-coats. Good especially, just now, for our Brother Mark and for Benjamin the Hoosier, for their cries are not only fervent, but shrill and effective, and their sense seems hard.

LIFE.

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A Letter.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE: That is a damnable, detestable picture you publish in the current LIFE, entitled "The Commercial Period." The atrocity is in the picture more than in the scene it portrays. Why you should continue to defile your pages with such wilfully malevolent and abominable lies is a puzzle to the public, who want to like your paper if you will let them. No doubt you have to pander to some vile tastes in your effort to secure success in this "commercial period," and, perhaps, you have to stoop pretty low to gain the spoils that belong to the victor, but I venture to say that the small class who will pay ten cents to see the lion's tail twisted in this way are rapidly reaching the vanishing point, and that for every one you satisfy by such grotesque inventions there are hundreds who turn away with disgust and dismay. If there was one thing more than another that LIFE in bygone days could pride itself upon it was its sturdy independence, its absolute freedom from the narrow prejudices which so often hamper and curtail the fair expression of opinion in print. But latterly you seem to have fallen into the worst ways of the "reptile press" in its most rampant form.

Have you already designs on the Presidential chair? And why do you adopt such "primary" methods of getting there? Does the end justify the means?

Yours truly,
HALIFAX, N. S., Jan. 25, 1901. J. B. K.

Our correspondent is at fault in several particulars. The picture he complains of had to do with the Transvaal war. If one believes that that war was a brutal outrage, and wishes to express that idea in a picture, the picture cannot be made agreeable to persons who think the British course justifiable. There is very little tail-twisting in the Pro-Boer demonstrations in this country, and none at all in those in LIFE. The Pro-Boer feeling does not spring from dislike to England, but in most cases exists in spite of Pro-British leanings. No sort of hatred is behind it except hatred of injustice and despotism.

As for LIFE's former independence and freedom from prejudice, would it be a sure sign of independence if LIFE sided with the British? Our correspondent is probably right in thinking that that, or silence, would be the more profitable and politic course. LIFE thinks little, if any, better of the war in the Philippines than it does of the war in the Transvaal. It has not disguised its feelings about either.



A CLEAN SWEEP.

THE BURGLAR LOOKED AROUND WITH PRIDE,
AND SILENTLY ADMIR'D
HIS LATEST JOB. HE HAD IN TRUTH
LEFT NAUGHT TO BE DESIRED.

BALLADE of the Old-time VALENTINE.

HERE'S to the tranquil yesterday
When folk had time to dream and woo.
And men found leisure, so they say,
To turn a *mot* and tie a queue.

Ah, then was heard with much ado
The postman's knock a-down the Row
That brought to Peg and Pris and Prue
The Valentine of long ago.



Then in the good old-fashioned way
Did love-lorn lad coy rhyme pursue,
That he his passion might convey
In "Lines" to Sylvia or Sue.

Pale dawn the casement glimmered
through,
And oft the candle flickered low,
While from that lover's fancy grew
The Valentine of long ago.

To damsel in quaint array,
Though February breezes blew,
Came softly as the breath of May
That subtly-scented *billet-doux*
That, 'neath her curls and love-knot
blue,
Set both her pretty cheeks a-glow,
With rhymes of "*Thee*" and "*Thou*"
and "*You*"—
The Valentine of long ago.

ENVOI.

Cupid, your skillful aim, and true,
Your vaunted shafts, your boasted
bow
Are futile when compared unto
The Valentine of long ago.

Jennie Betts Hartwick.



Another Slander.

ORD KITCHENER is reported as declaring it "untrue that the British have committed cruelties."

Of course they have not. Burning farms, driving out women and children, herding them together out of doors in pens for indefinite periods on starvation diet is not cruelty. It is discipline.

Besides, we all know the only cruelties committed down there are committed by the Boers. That we get straight from the British themselves, who are unbiased and certainly ought to know.



MR. I. ZANGWILL'S new book, *The Mantle of Elijah*, is easily the best piece of fiction that has appeared in the past six months. Like Hope's *Quisante*, it is a story of English political life, but, while the latter, perhaps, equals it in strength, Mr. Zangwill's book is of much wider scope. Its characters are many, they are drawn from many walks of life, and among them the reader will make more than one lasting mental acquaintance. (Harper and Brothers.)

Dr. G. Frank Lydston is presumably more expert with the scalpel than the pen. He has written a book called *Panama and the Sierras*, but his diagnosis of the scenery is not what it might be, and some of the language with which he doses his readers is not well thought of by orthodox practitioners. (The Riverton Press.)

The Sequel to a Tragedy, by Henry C. Dibble, is a story of life in Arizona and California, ostensibly told by the United States District Attorney at San Francisco, who is officially connected with some of the events. It makes good light reading. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

Rhoda Broughton's latest book, *Foes in Law*, deals with a girl's objection to her brother's young wife and her large and ever-present family. It would make an excellent farce-comedy, but, for a novel, the characters are rather crudely interpreted. (The Macmillan Company.)

The Soul of the Street, by Norman Duncan, contains six stories of the Syrian quarter in lower New York. They give an artistic glimpse of the real people who live there, and introduce us to Khalil Khayat, to know whom is worth any man's while. (McClure, Phillips and Company.)

A Year Book of Kentucky Woods and Fields is a record of the impressions of a man deeply sensitive to sound and color in Nature. Mr. Ingram Crockett's work contains

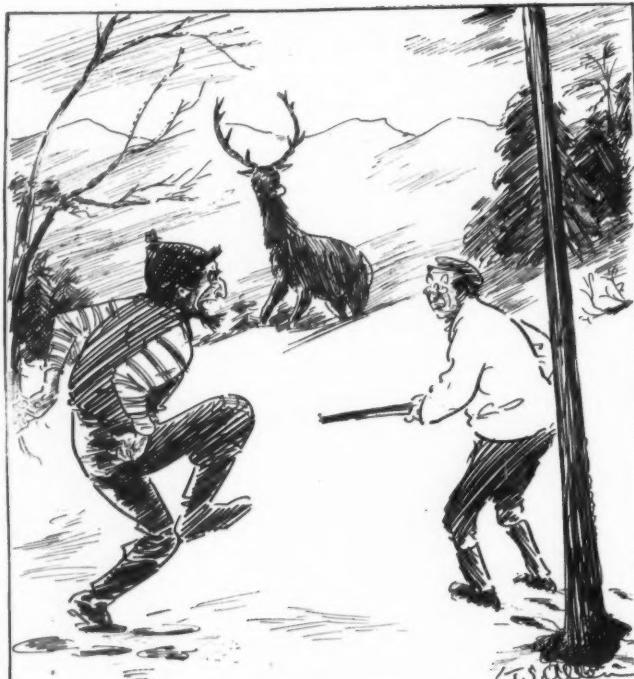
A Valentine.



IF YOU LOVE ME, ETHEL, DEAR,
THIS IS HOW I SHALL APPEAR.



IF YOU DO NOT, ETHEL, LOVE,
I SHALL FEEL LIKE THE ABOVE.



HE READS THE PAPERS

"HAIL AND BLAZES, WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT?"
"I—I'M AFRAID IT MIGHT BE A MAN!"

some very pretty passages, but is of decidedly uneven merit. (Charles Wells Moulton.)

The Filibusters, by Cutliffe Hyne, is the strenuous story of a Central American revolution. It runs well ahead of its class and will carry the reader nicely through a rainy afternoon. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Poems." By Alexander Blair Shaw. (John Lane.)

"Ad Astra." By Charles Whitworth Wynne. (John Lane.)

A Recommendation.

"BUT what makes you think that you would succeed as a nurse in Bellevue Hospital, if you have had no experience?" we asked.

He smiled superiorly.

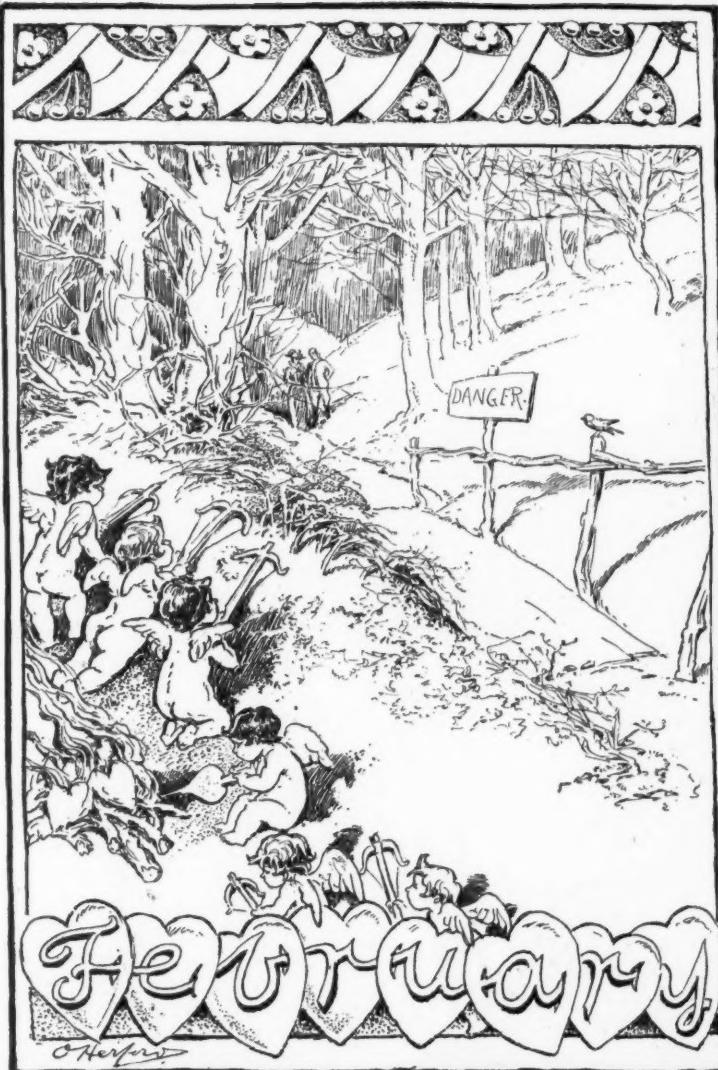
"I was expelled from West Point for hazing," was his convincing answer.

A Marked Man.

JASPAR: Why do you consider Bondrocks so especially lucky?

JUMPUPPE: Why, all his friends had gone back on him before he had succeeded, and he was able to begin life with a clean slate.

FLY TIME: 10:30 P. M.—if you have any regard for the hostess.



Shall We Ever Know?

ACCORDING to the majority of highly-respectable physicians vaccination is—at least it ought to be—and must be—a protection against smallpox. But Dr. Pickering, an eminent English physician, says :

"Wherever you have most vaccination and inoculation there you have most smallpox. For seventeen years Leicester, England, has had no vaccination, and last year there were but two per cent. of deaths from smallpox out of the number of cases. In Sheffield, where 95 per cent. are vaccinated, there were 648 deaths. In Bradford out of 974 cases last year, of whom over 700 were vaccinated, 110 died, every one of whom had been vaccinated. I could take you through fifty cities of England with the same story. The more vaccination the more smallpox and greatest fatality."

"We have nursed and kept smallpox here by vaccination instead of stamping it out."

So where are you?

But!

(With apologies to M. Edmond Rostand.)

THE MAN.

I do not love, but—

LOVE.

In truth he does not love,

But—every time my lady passes him,
His soul is all afame, his blood aglow
With life, his mind a mass of hair
And laughing eyes, and curves and swerves
Of every movement. Oh, no—he does not love,
But when you speak of hate, his soul revolts
To find a thorn upon the rose's stem ;
He plucks a flower for itself alone.

Love—oh, no ! But when he hears her voice
Sift with its silv'ry notes into the air,
And feels its freedom ; when he learns that she
And that one flower that she wears at night—
A snowy puff within a coil of gold,
Are one with Nature in her gift of life—
He gleams the good of being ! Love ? Why, no !
But ah ! that But—the doubt of Love !
He loves not—but there comes the passion-throb
That bursts its bounds, that lends the universe
A tongue that speaks of her, that gives the eye
The will to find her in the evening star—
And ear to hear her in the whisp'ring wind.
He does not love—but when he feels himself
Beyond himself, he calls on me to speak
For him, his friend—Oh, no ! he does not love !

Montrose J. Moses.

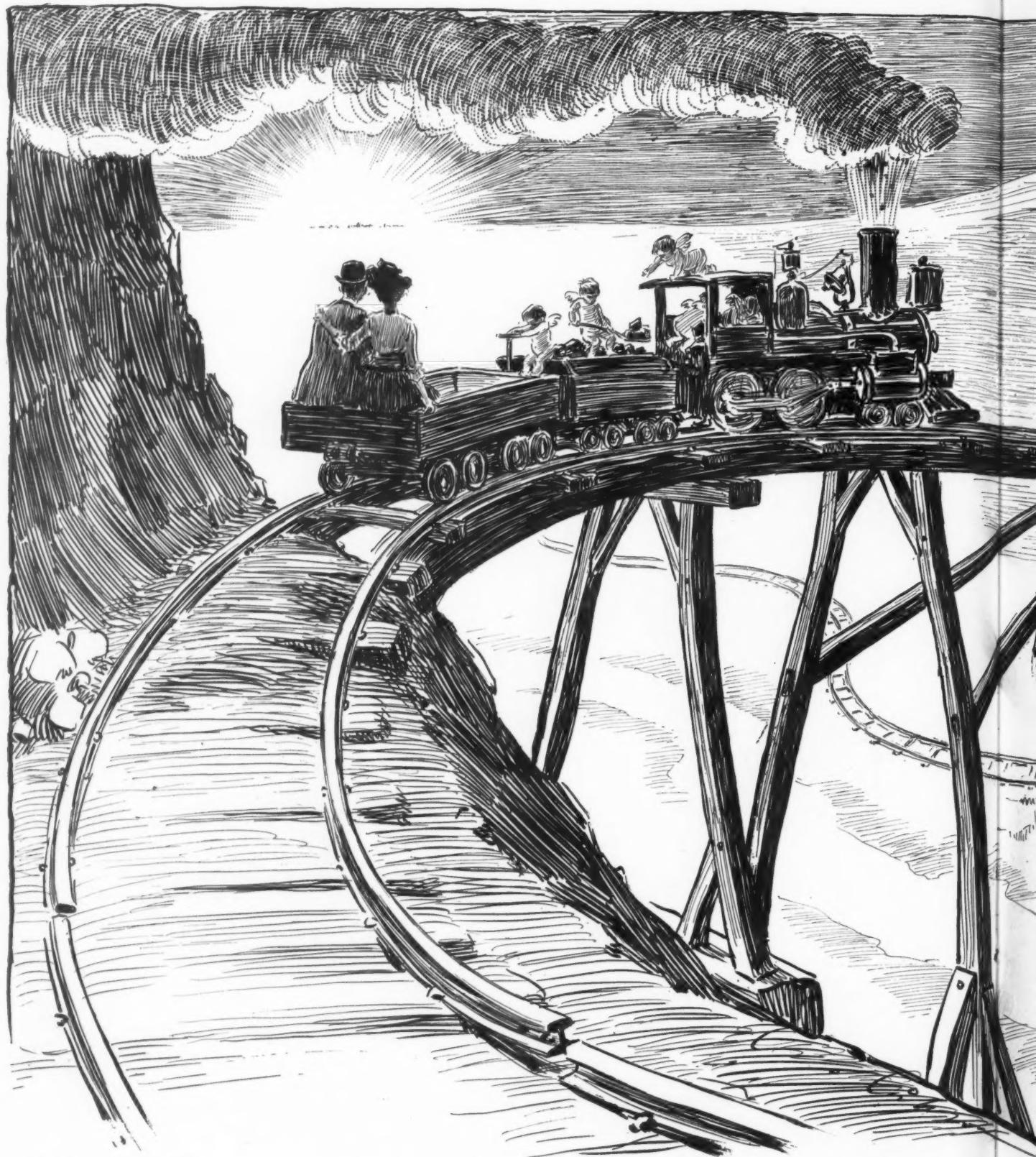
A Bad Man.

HIS WIFE: Even if we do take a pew in church, you needn't go.

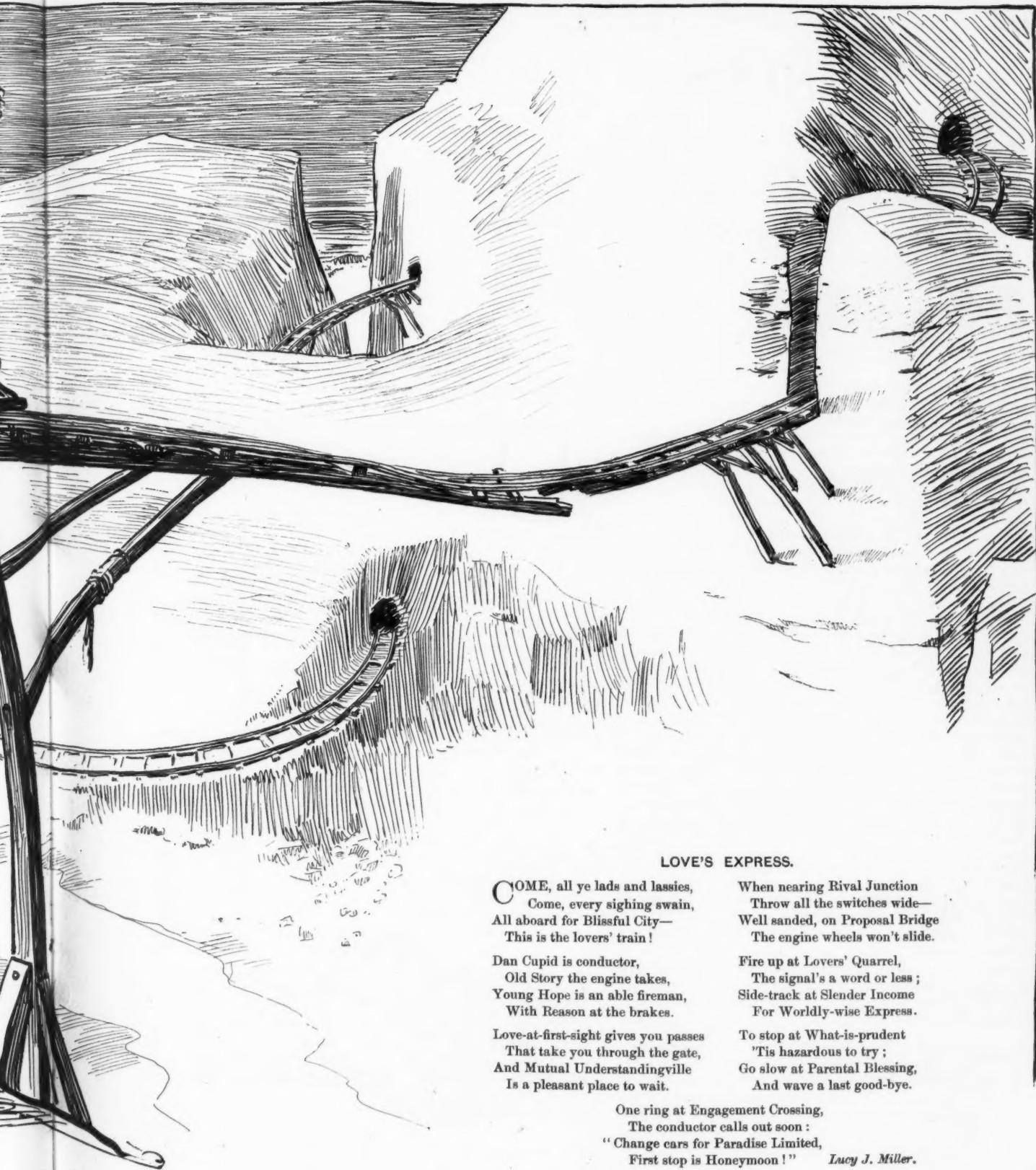
VON BLUMER: I know it. But it looks as if I countenanced the thing.



Cupid: I WONDER WHETHER THE FARMER WILL SAY ANYTHING IF I TAKE ONE.



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LOVE'S EXPRESS.

COME, all ye lads and lassies,
Come, every sighing swain,
All aboard for Blissful City—
This is the lovers' train!

Dan Cupid is conductor,
Old Story the engine takes,
Young Hope is an able fireman,
With Reason at the brakes.

Love-at-first-sight gives you passes
That take you through the gate,
And Mutual Understandingville
Is a pleasant place to wait.

When nearing Rival Junction
Throw all the switches wide—
Well sanded, on Proposal Bridge
The engine wheels won't slide.

Fire up at Lovers' Quarrel,
The signal's a word or less ;
Side-track at Slender Income
For Worldly-wise Express.

To stop at What-is-prudent
'Tis hazardous to try ;
Go slow at Parental Blessing,
And wave a last good-bye.

One ring at Engagement Crossing,
The conductor calls out soon :
"Change cars for Paradise Limited,
First stop is Honeymoon!" *Lucy J. Miller.*

•LIFE•



An Unfortunate Choice of a Hero.



WHY, from the books of the past, Richard Savage's foggy career should have been dug out to serve as the basis for a modern drama is difficult to imagine.

According to the most flattering accounts (or least discreditable, to put it mildly, for no accounts of his life are flattering), he was anything but an attractive personality. The best thing he ever did—from a literary point of view—was a poem abusing the woman whom he insanely believed to be his mother. This pursuit of the Countess of Macclesfield by Savage is the basis of the play written by Madeleine Lucette Ryley to exploit the abilities of Mr. Henry Miller as a star actor. Had the piece been written in a comedy vein and entitled "Richard in Search of a Mother," we might have had for it something of the same interest aroused by Captain Marryatt's "Japhet in Search of a Father." In the case of Savage, it is hard to feel much sympathy for a hero who is trying to find his illegitimate mother largely with a view to fastening himself on her and thereby procuring a livelihood which he was too shiftless to gain by his own efforts.

A motive like this is hard to understand in a country where a man's love for his mother is reckoned to be one of the best, most sacred and tenderest things in him. Consequently, American audiences cannot be expected to rise to a very lively appreciation of the pathetic situations in which the *Savage* of the play finds himself. In fact, as the piece is presented, one finds one's self rather hoping that *Mrs. Brett* will escape having *Savage* swear himself on to her as her offspring.

Mr. Miller gains no new laurels from this enterprise. His failure to enlist sympathy may be to some extent the fault of the character he assumes, but his own faults are so glaring that the dramatist may find in them some excuse for failing to make Richard Savage out to be an object of pity. Mr. Miller's wretched delivery and ungraceful carriage show that he needs much schooling and discipline before he can make his own work the main reliance of a performance. In the strong part of *Sidney Carton* he was acceptable; in the weak one of *Richard Savage* all the deficiencies of his method and training are emphasized. In a fairly good cast Miss Jennie Eustace's performance of the ungrateful part of *Mrs. Brett, formerly Countess of Macclesfield*, and Mr. Owen Fawcett's *Colley Cibber* stand out above the rest.

When one considers all the thought, trouble and expense involved in placing a new play on the New York stage, it seems a pity that the effort should be wasted on such an unpromising and impossible story as that of Richard Savage.

* * *

FOR one young woman to supply from her own ingenuity, originality and ability an afternoon's entertainment which keeps an audience in unbroken alternation of smile, chuckle and laughter is rather a remarkable accomplishment. In her easy and realistic depictions of types of women we all have met, Miss Beatrice Herford succeeds in doing this. Her entertainment really deserves that much abused adjective, artistic.

THE programme at the Lyceum carries this announcement: On sufficient and timely demand, any seats in any part of this theatre can always be secured. The sales in advance extend from two to four weeks.

This is an evidence of an intention to deal fairly with the public which it is pleasant to behold. Mr. Daniel Frohman's persistent and successful fight with the sidewalk speculators a few years since gives credence to the sincerity of the announcement.

* * *

THE New Orleans *Harlequin* reports rather an interesting fact from that Southern metropolis. It seems the city is afflicted with two theatres under Syndicate ownership or control. Their only opposition is an independent and well-conducted theatre with a stock company. Naturally the Syndicate does its best to spoil the business of the latter. A favorite method is to find out what play is to be acted, and then put against it an attraction as nearly like it as possible, produced with all the resources at the command of the rich organization. In spite of this, *Harlequin* says that the stock theatre is invariably crowded, while the Syndicate houses are often half empty. On the face of it, this looks like an exhibition of good sense and good taste on the part of the people of New Orleans.

DIRE news comes from Chicago. It seems that Mr. Grau almost lost money on the Bernhardt-Coquelin engagement. Can it be that culchaw is declining in the Boston of the West? Or is Chicago only taking this way of showing that it sides with its own Mr. Gross in his claim that he wrote the "Cyrano" of Rostand?

Metcalfe.

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

Broadway.—Strauss's operetta, "Vienna Life." Good music, bad book; good chorus, bad principals.

Republic.—Miss Viola Allen and company playing "In the Palace of the King." Neither very bad nor very good.

Wallack's.—Mary Mannering drawing near the close of her engagement in "Janice Meredith." Fairly interesting.

Garden.—"Under Two Flags." Notice next week.

Lyceum.—Henry Miller in "Richard Savage." See above.

Daly's.—Stock company in "Lady Huntworth's Experiment." A clever play well acted.

Empire.—"Mrs. Dane's Defence," by Jones. Strong play—too strong for young persons.

Garrick.—"Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines." Notice next week.

Bijou.—Clyde Fitch's play, "The Climbers." Interesting and well presented.

Knickerbocker.—Mr. Nat Goodwin and Miss Maxine Elliott in "When We Were Twenty-one." Very well worth seeing.

Weber and Fields.—The performance is a burlesque, and the prices demanded for seats a tragedy.

Criterion.—Julia Marlowe as *Mary Tudor* in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." The acting and mounting are better than the play.

Academy of Music.—Clyde Fitch's "Barbara Frietchie" in spectacular form. Worth seeing.

Herald Square.—Miss Edna May in "The Girl From Up There." A rubbishy performance not worth seeing.

Savoy.—"Unleavened Bread." Interesting if you care for a conversational presentation of social questions.



Cupid: THESE DRUMS ARE GREAT, IF THEY WOULDN'T BREAK SO EASILY.



INEFFECTUAL BAIT.

Barley: I SEE JANE GARGOYLE HAS A NEW TRAP.
Snarley: WELL, SHE'LL HAVE TO BAIT IT WITH SOMETHING MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN HERSELF IF SHE EXPECTS TO CATCH A MAN.

The Secret Chamber.

CUPID entered softly, in order not to alarm the owner, and looked about him.

"Gracious!" he exclaimed, under his breath. "Have I made a mistake?"

He examined his notes.

"No," he continued, "this is it. 'Heart Number Sixteen Thousand and Nine, District Five Hundred and Thirteen. Horace Kirk, bachelor.' But what has happened? Why, I never would have known them for the same apartments I visited a year ago!"

He now began a slow tour of inspection, scrutinizing and commenting, as he proceeded from corner to corner.

"There used to be a lot of photographs on this mantelpiece." He said that they were his champagne accounts, receipted. Nearly every green-room favorite in the city was exhibited. I wonder what he has done with them all. And pish! A view of the interior of Durham Cathedral—the idea!—where that jolly poker picture once hung. Books—hum-m-m—

'Familiar Quotations'—'Browning'—'Cyrano de Bergerac'—fiddlesticks! I don't see any of the old standbys—not one! Nor is there anything new in that line, either. Time was when I would surely have found the latest by Tolstoy or Zola lying here right under my hand. No decanter on the sideboard! The tobacco in this jar is as dry as powder! And the full-length panel of Kittie Kissington (the little rogue!) is gone! Oh, dear!



oh, dear! It doesn't seem like the same place at all. Positively—I smell perfume instead of stale smoke! And what's this—a glove?"

He stooped and picked something from the floor.

"A five!" he ejaculated. He sniffed at it. "Perfumed—scented like the atmosphere, too," he continued. "That explains the whole affair. There's a woman in this heart! Of course. And—and I believe I see her over there, on the couch in the corner."

Cupid tiptoed across the room, but his precautions were in vain, for, as he approached, the girl on the couch smiled brightly at him.

"Well," she said, "you see I am here."

"Yes," responded Cupid, somewhat puzzled, "I see. But how did you get in? I'm certain that he didn't expect you."

"Oh, I simply got in all the easier, on that account," she replied. "In fact, while he was looking one way, I slipped in by another. I've been here only a week."

"I suppose he knows all about it, now," hazarded Cupid, rather gruffly, for he was both astounded and apprehensive.

"To be sure!" she exclaimed, gaily. "Don't you notice the change? He has thrown out just piles of stuff, to make the place fit for me. There never was a girl here before, you see. Really, it took him a whole night to clean house. He didn't sleep at all. Poor fellow! But I'm going to repay him much more than he has lost, and I'm *so* happy."

"Yes, yes," said Cupid, impatiently. "No doubt you are. It is evident that you are very cosy in this nice corner—I see that he has fixed you up a sort of sanctum, nicely cushioned and screened. But tell me—what has he

done with—with the 'stuff' he used to have lying around here?"

The girl made a vague, spreading gesture with her hands.

"Gone," she answered, laughing merrily. "Burned—destroyed—forever."

"How do you know?" pursued Cupid, cruelly.

"Why, he told me!" ejaculated the girl, with indignation.

"All right," hastily answered Cupid. "You and he have my best wishes, and I'm free to admit that the rooms look much better. It's quite an improvement over a month ago. Only, don't merely sit in this corner day and night and be pretty. The apartments must be kept in order, you know, and be attended to."

"Of course!" agreed the girl. "I mean to go over them every evening, and sweep and dust and have them sweet and clean and fresh always."

When she had finished speaking Cupid had bowed himself out—and once outside, he chuckled.

The very next day he returned, and cautiously peeked in. Then he boldly crossed the threshold, for the girl's corner was vacant.

"I knew it would be so—at times," he murmured. "And now, let's see."

Unhesitatingly he made his way to where some draperies hung against the wall, and, parting them, felt behind them.

"Ah," he said.

He drew a skeleton key from his sash, applied it—and, lo, he had opened a secret door. He poked in his head, like a curious wren.

"I thought so!" he laughed. "Burned—destroyed—nonsense! I didn't believe it, if she did!"

For here, in a hidden room, were the decanter, and the photographs, and the poker pictures, and old books, and Zola's and Tolstoy's latest, and a favorite blend of Turkish, and Kittie Kissington, and a huge bunch of ball programmes, and a Pierrot costume of the French ball, and a fantastic rack of pipes, and—oh, ever so many things, with a rich odor of tobacco floating over like incense.

"What a snug retreat!" observed



VACATION LESSONS.

Pater: MY BOY, THE PHILOSOPHER TELLS US WE MUST DILIGENTLY PURSUE THE IDEAL WHICH PERSONIFIES THE EGO. WHAT DO YOU UNDERSTAND BY THAT?

"THAT'S EASY, DAD. IT MEANS CHASE YOURSELF."

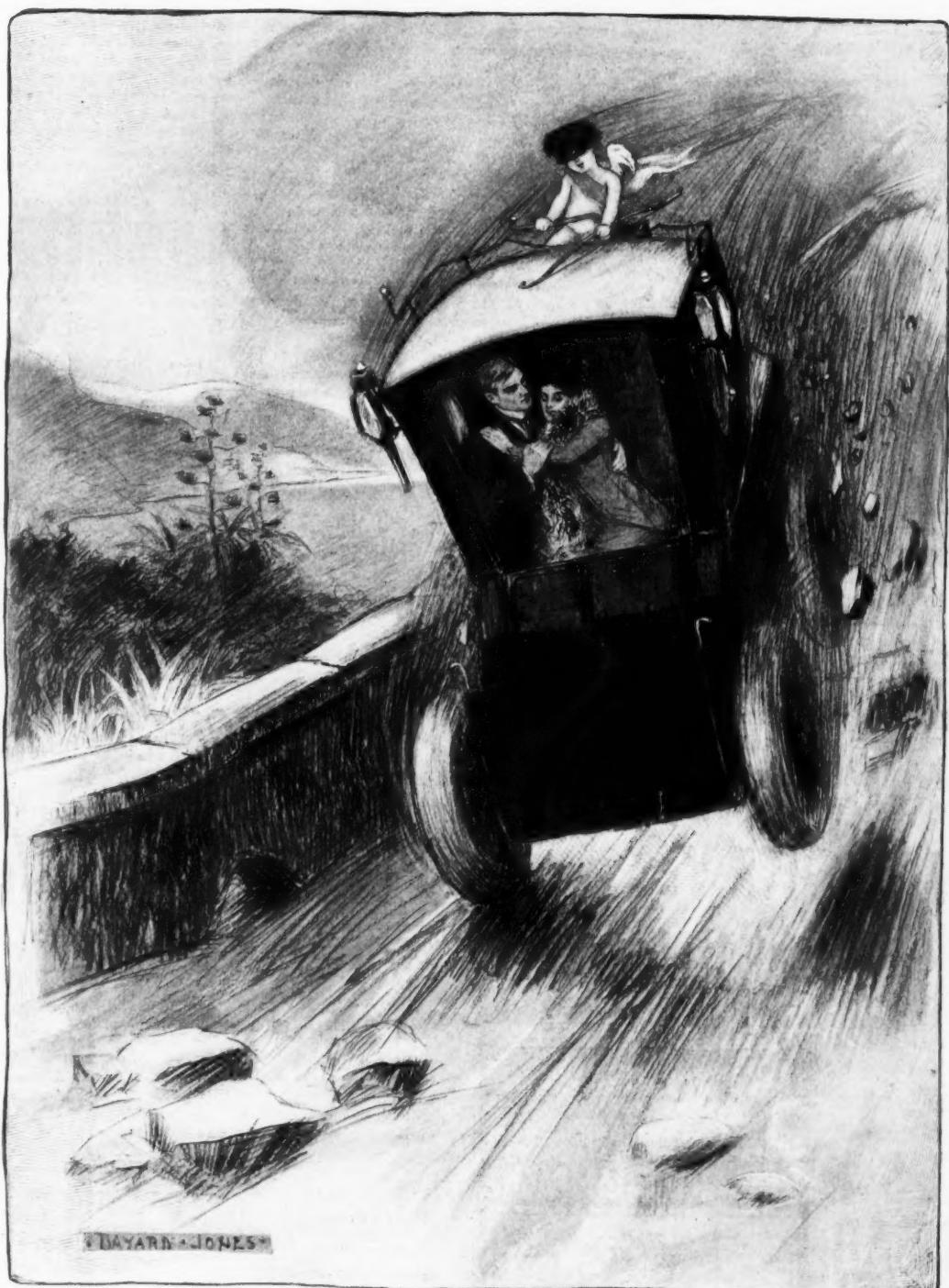
Cupid, surveying the interior. "And I'm afraid—I'm afraid that he's beginning to hang about in it, considerably. The shameless—the poor pretender! Still, no doubt he meant well. She does not know about it now. I wonder how long before she'll suspect."

He shut the door, locked it, and carefully rearranged the hangings.

"I do hope," he said, as he hastily retired, "that she won't be too disappointed. She thinks that she has seen the whole suite. But she was determined to come, and she ought to have understood that it was a bachelor heart, and rather old to be remodeled. Mercy!" he added, "what a time she's gone! Can she have lost her way back—already?" *Edwin L. Sabin.*



Enthusiastic Chess Player (after the wreck): ISN'T THIS GREAT! JUST THINK, WE MAY NOT BE DISTURBED FOR WEEKS!



THE RECKLESS CHAUFFEUR.



LOVE.

I am Love,
So much referred to
In the poets' daily grind,
And the most prevailing
Affliction of mankind.
I affect the seat
Of wisdom—the mind.
Thus you will see
A remedy for me
Is hard to find.
A disease, though
Not contagious
In certain stages,
Seems outrageous,
Showing up all foolish
Moves to beat the band
I am a red-hot number
And rend previous plans
asunder
When I land.
I fall from everywhere,
Coming unaware;
Both day and night
Claiming victims left and
right.
Because I am only

—D. W. McGreevy, in *Kansas City Times*.

THERE is a certain lawyer, or at least the public accepts him as a member of the legal profession, who has a very lucrative practice in East Side police courts, who can neither read nor write. How he ever was admitted to the bar is a mystery which neither private citizen nor public officer has ever taken the trouble to look into. He is a prominent char-

An affection
The jester finds in me
Material for glee.
Yet in the world's affairs
I am a great power
And tower
Above many influences.
I am Love,
That game of Cupid's,
Mysterious and queer,
And I flourish like
A green bay tree
On this terrestrial sphere.
Described, portrayed and pic-
tured
On the stage,
Current fiction teems
With tales of me
On every page.
Some would call
The novel rot
Unless I figured in the plot.
No one is exempt from me.
Verily—
What fools these mortals be.

acter in the Ghetto and often in the public eye in a small way. His lack of education is offset by remarkable shrewdness and ingenuity. His office is fitted up with elaborate telephone apparatus, by means of which he makes a deep impression upon his clients and at the same time extorts an unusual fee. The client enters the office and states the case, some friend or relative in trouble, a police court case that a Magistrate could dispose of in a few minutes. The lawyer shakes his head and wrinkles his brows and carries on such an ominous pantomime that the client trembles in his shoes for the safety of his friend or relative. Then the unlettered lawyer gets up and goes over to the telephone, rings the bell with great ostentation and calls out a number—his office boy is at the other end of the wire. The following conversation ensues:

"Hello! Is die chudge in?" (Pause.)
"Tell him dot Mr. —— vould vish to speak wid him."
"Iss dot you, chudge?"
A whispered conversation in monologue follows:
"Vill you come ould and lunch wit me, chudge? Yes?
All ridt. Meet me ad ——'s. Goot-by!"
Then he turns to his client and says:
"Vell, die outlook is petter. I will tag die chudge ould
to lunch and saddle die matter. Die chudge's lunch vill cost
you twenty-five dollars," and the client disgorges with the
greatest alacrity and goes away murmuring:
"Vot a pull dot man has."

—New York Evening Sun.

INTERVIEWER: Alderman Swelched, I have come to get your views on the proposed change in the curriculum of the grammar school.

ALDERMAN SWELCHED: Curriculum! What's that? I'm agin it, whatever it is.

Alderman Swelched, reading the report of the interviewer next morning:

"Our distinguished townsman, Mr. M. T. Swelched, was found at his charming home, surrounded by abundant indication of ripe scholarship and sturdy common sense. In reply to our reporter's question he said:

"I do not desire to force my opinions upon the public; but this I will say, that I have given to this question long and studious attention, incidentally examining into the curricula of institutions of learning both at home and abroad, and, although I find in the existing course of study not a few matters for condemnation, still, upon the whole, I cannot say that I should advise any radical change until I have further time to examine into the subject."

"By George, that feller's got my exact language, word for word! And he didn't take no notes, neither! By George, what a memory that feller must have!" —Exchange.

"DON'T drag my name into print in connection with this absurd affair," cried the indignant citizen; "but if you do, be sure to spell out my middle name in full."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PRESIDENT PATTON, of Princeton University, recently delivered a sermon at the Fifth Avenue Collegiate Church, his subject being "Faith." Dr. Patton spoke of the blind faith of the client who puts himself at the mercy of a lawyer in preparing an action for trial and of the confidence of the sick in intrusting themselves to the physician.

"A case of blind faith," said the clergyman. "The doctor writes out a prescription. Often times than not, you cannot read it; you don't know what it is. He tells you to take it. 'Yours not to reason why; yours but to do and die.'"

Whether or not Dr. Patton meant it, there was a distinct ripple throughout the congregation.

—New York Evening Sun.

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—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1898.

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way of a pen.

Notice.

The plate from which was printed the picture of "The Widow," by Charles Dana Gibson, was destroyed February first. This picture, signed by the artist, was offered as a premium to new subscribers of LIFE. That offer has expired. The picture is now out of print and no more copies can be supplied.

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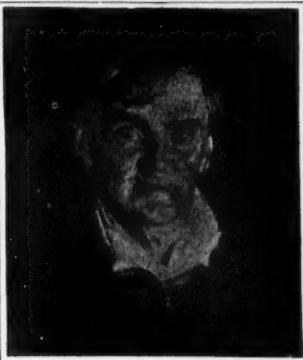
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BY JOHN S. SARGENT.

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"Herewith I return all your presents, with the exception of the diamond ring, which I shall keep to remind me of your meanness and horrid conduct altogether!"

—*Exchange.*

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AN Irishman has summed up the meteorological year of the Emerald Isle, as follows:

Dirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
From January up to May
The rain it raineth every day.
All the rest have thirty-one
Without a blessed gleam of sun;
And if any of them had two-and-thirty
They'd be just as wet and twice as dirty.

—*Evening Post.*

ONE night, at the Garrick Club, a number of the members were discussing the merits of a new Hamlet who had appeared that evening. W. S. Gilbert had taken no part in the arguments, for or against. At last one of the others ventured :

"Well, Gilbert, what do you think of his Hamlet?"

"Oh," responded the witty librettist, "I think it was funny without being vulgar." — *Argonaut.*

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"Please, God, bless papa and mamma, and grandpa and grandma, and even the Joneses!"

—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

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—*Detroit Free Press.*

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"Manning's 'Confidence in God' all gone."

—*The Wave.*

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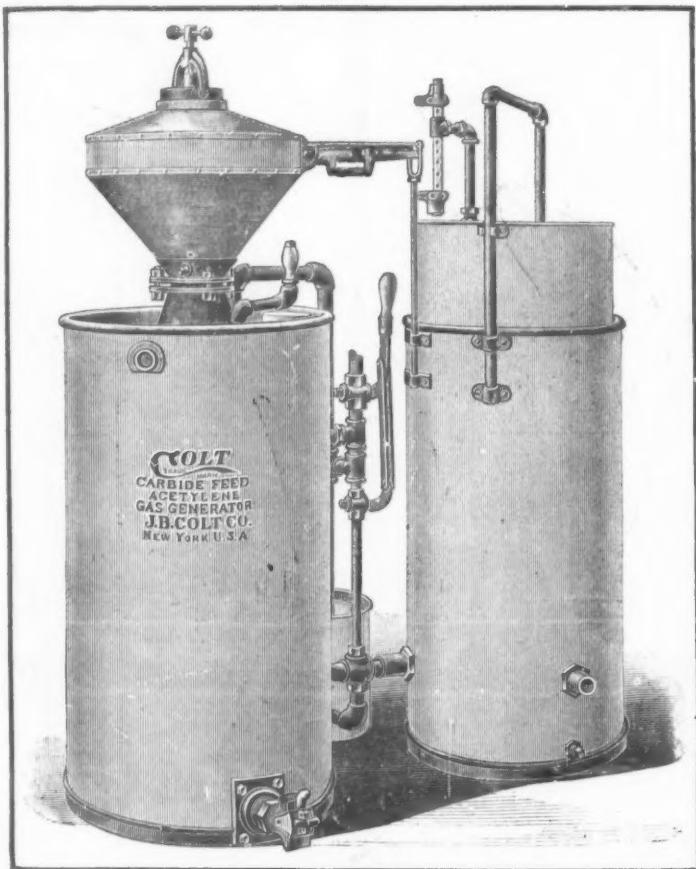
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